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## Science Is Man's Greatest Friend

It Will Solve His Problems Eventually by Abolishing Them.

The work of the scientist is usually looked upon as a more or less fanciful occupation, uninteresting to the general public.

But, as a matter of fact, scientific investigation and exploration, which means an understanding of the application of nature's forces, is from the point of view of the masses the most hopeful thing in our civilization.

If we could have seen some years ago a scientific gentleman experimenting with ammonia and other materials for reducing temperatures, we should have thought that he was amusing himself harmlessly but uselessly.

Go down along the shore of the Atlantic and find one of the hard-working colonies of fishermen.

They will tell you that formerly they caught their haul of fish and carried it to town. All of the fishermen arrived there together to compete with each other. They all had big supplies of fish at the same time. Then the dealers, having them at their mercy, gave them almost nothing for it, or even compelled them to throw it overboard. If the catch was small, the price of fish was somewhat better, in spite of the dealers' organization, but the fishermen had little fish to sell.

Now the fishermen points out to you on the shore, a few yards away from his nets, a cold storage plant that belongs to him and his fellows. They catch their fish and find out what price they can get for them, before taking them to market. If they are too cheap, they put them in cold storage and wait for the price to go up, that they may be decently paid, and not give all the profit to the dealer.

Science helps the truck farmer near the big cities, if he is up-to-date, and especially if he is lucky enough to live in a neighborhood where cheap telephone rates prevail.

Formerly the truck farmer loaded up his produce and took it to town on the chance of finding a good market. When he got there he was very apt to find that everybody else had brought just what he had brought, and that he was at the mercy of the middleman, always ready to take advantage of the producers' competition among themselves.

Now the truck farmer, before picking his berries or cutting his lettuce or pulling his peas, gets hold of his middleman on the telephone and makes his bargain for a cash sum to be paid the following day for such and such produce. He no longer drives to town to find that he can get nothing for his goods, to haul them back or throw them away.

This improvement, of course, in the condition of the farmer will apply much more widely when the gentlemanly thieves in control of the Telephone Trust shall have been brought to book, and when the telephone shall be made a real benefit to humanity through Government or municipal ownership, instead of a means of extortion.

If we should see a solemn old man in spectacles studying insects through the microscope or setting one tiny creature to fight another, what should we think of him?

We should probably smile indulgently and say: "He does no one any harm, but, of course, he cannot be of any PRACTICAL value."

But these scientific students of insect life, so much made fun of in comic papers, are most important workers for good.

The boll weevil, for instance, has been destroying annually more than forty million dollars' worth of cotton. A certain insect student, Prof. O. F. Cook, has found an ant that will destroy the boll weevil. We make a fuss over a Carnegie or a Rockefeller who gives away one million. But here is a bug professor who makes his country a present of more than forty millions a year—forever—and his name is hardly known.

The cultivation of oranges in Southern California was at one time threatened with extinction. A parasite deposited upon the tree a spongy mass—the "cottony, cushiony" parasite, it was called—and the life of the tree was destroyed by this mass that was intended as food for the parasite's young after the hatching of the eggs.

A scientific gentleman discovered that the ordinary red "lady bug," called by wise men "vedolia cardinalis," would destroy the eggs of the orange tree parasite and thus save the tree. That simple discovery, followed by the importation of several colonies of lady bugs, preserved a great and important industry.

Science one day will solve our great practical problems, by adding infinitely to the production of wealth, to the effectiveness of labor, to fertility of the soil (as yet not one-tenth part developed), and to the comfort of humanity in all directions. Avarice, our greatest curse, will disappear when science shall have made it impossible for any willing man to lack the comforts of life.

Science will cure our diseases or stamp them out entirely, plow our fields, make the masses independent of the selfishness of the few.

But do not fear that there will be NOTHING left undone after science shall have done its work.

Science cannot MAKE better men. Men cannot think by machinery or improve in morals by machinery.

They will have to work out their own moral and social salvation through their own intelligence.

The abolition of poverty and of avarice, however, will do away with a majority of the incentives that lead to evil. Science will make it easier for us to be good men, even if it cannot MAKE US GOOD.

Respect, hereafter, the wise ones that grind away at science. Follow their doings respectfully in the newspapers. When a Lord Kelvin or a Marconi comes among us, let us try to get as much excited and interested as though he were a "heavyweight champion."

## His Star on the Flag



## "Outsiders" in Newlyweds' Home a Stern Problem

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

THE steam roller or the door mat! Neither is an enviable character. Somewhere between them lies the golden mean; but to strike it is not always easy. Just how far one ought to go in asserting one's rights and one's individuality under any given set of circumstances and how far one ought to sacrifice one's self to the claims and prejudices of others presents a continually difficult and perplexing problem. It is one that is brought to me often by the letters I receive.

These letters I group under the head of "the alien presence in the home." They describe the one not in the immediate family circle of father, mother and children; yet related to them and sometimes dependent on them. It may be a sister of the husband or the wife, sometimes a brother, often the father or mother.

Making a Grouch. It is a presence which ought to be one with the immediate group, bringing cheer, creating a happy atmosphere and proving a sunny, hopeful, helpful inspiration to all; but alas! if I am to believe my letters, it is too often just the other thing. It gives nothing and exacts everything. It drains the domestic atmosphere of sunshine by a perpetual grouching and fault-finding, takes the life, the hope, the pleasure out of the home and the people in it.

And to the credit of both sides, the arrangement in a surprisingly large number of cases proves satisfactory—almost always I should say, where the parent in question is "Father." There are instances, of course, where the lives of the helpless old men are made miser-

able at the hands of shrewish or ungracious daughters-in-law, and other instances where the daughters-in-law are made miserable by the presence of some drunken or disgraced old man; but these must be viewed more or less in the light of exceptions. A man, as any boarding house keeper will tell you, is preferred stock as a lodger. He is less exacting than a woman, more equable, easier to get along with.

Indeed, in many homes "grandpa" is a beloved figure, and a sort of a stabilizer to the domestic craft, serving to keep it steady and on even keel. He is an unexcelled guardian and playfellow for the children, a handy man to call on in an emergency, from the freezing of the waterpipes to the need of a fourth hand at bridge, and he seldom fails to note the brewing of a matrimonial storm and manages tactfully in some way to dissipate it.

Also, in spite of the time-honored jokes at her expense, the wife's mother is not infrequently a cherished and welcome member of the household. If there is any quarreling or dissension, it is apt to be between the mother and daughter; for, according to my observation, most women get on exceedingly well with their sons-in-law where the latter are any kind of men at all.

Understand me, I am not claiming that all mothers and daughters-in-law are at swords points. We have scriptural authority to the contrary in the story of Ruth and Naomi; and I have in my mind two mothers-in-law who have won not only the love and confidence

of their sons' wives but the admiration of a whole community for their conduct of this peculiarly trying situation of the mother presence in the son's home.

A Tactful Genius. I asked one of them how she had done it. She replied that she never criticised, even mentally, her daughter-in-law; that she had taught her that she was her friend, first of all, and that she had learned to efface herself when it seemed best and to give herself when needed—in a word, she realized that she was there to give happiness, not to get it selfishly for herself alone. Nevertheless, to any mother-in-law or daughter-in-law who is contemplating such an arrangement I should unhesitatingly say, Don't!

Yet it is the situation in which so many of my correspondents find themselves, and to some of them "mother" is just about as nerve-wracking an old lady as can well be imagined. Some of them describe a perpetual gloom and grouching overshadowing everything; constant fault-finding, the grievance which never concedes a possible chance of ever being in the wrong. In the face of this it is certainly hard to keep up the sunny philosophy which sees good in everything. I, for one, would not try. Lilian Whiting says somewhere:

"One does not argue or contend with the foul miasma that settles over stagnant water; one leaves it and climbs to a higher region where the air is pure. The individual who cultivates grievances

and who is perpetually exacting explanations of his assumed wrongs can only be left to the education of time and development."

The general trouble with most of these arrangements is that both sides presume upon the relationship existing between them to say and do things to each other and make demands which they would never dream of saying or making to an outsider. The basis upon which an alien presence is admitted into the home should always be that of householder and lodger, and its terms should be made plain from the start.

Let the wife say in effect: "The establishment belongs to my husband and myself, and I am in charge as manager and director. On entering it, you, of course, agree to conform to the rules by which we govern it, and in return we shall respect your right to a reasonable privacy and complete individual freedom."

"Our relations in short will be, so far as the regime of the household is concerned, the same as if you were merely a boarder here and not connected by the ties of kinship. If anything displeases you, let me know and I will try to remedy it. I shall welcome criticism, suggestions or advice at any time, but I will not brook interference."

A sensible woman realizing that this was a perfectly reasonable attitude on the part of the wife would probably acquiesce and be extremely chary about transgressing in any respect, but alas! "mother" is not always reasonable, and is more than apt to declare or assume that she is never in the wrong.

## How About Higher Car Fares?

We Are All Interested in This Matter, Let's Look It Over from the Standpoint of the Man Who Pays.

By EARL GODWIN.

I notice that there is a great agitation in the country for 6-cent street car fares.

You may have noticed also that there is considerably more about the necessity for increased street car fares in the newspapers recently.

The reason is this:

A high-priced press agent in New York city named Ivy Lee was retained by certain street car associations to prepare and have printed articles which pave the way for a complete public acceptance of higher street car fares.

Mr. Lee is one of the greatest and best press agents, and I wouldn't say a word against him. He has done a grand job.

I merely want to show the people here that while they would have but a brief hour before a Public Utilities Commission the street car interests have been spending thousands of dollars for months past, carefully preparing for a general assault.

Street car costs have increased all over the country; there is no doubt of that in anyone's mind. EVERYTHING costs more, labor, materials, and service have been made more expensive by war conditions.

In the face of these facts the Capital Traction Company increases its dividends from 5 per cent to 6 per cent, which is a masterly stroke in finance and completely removes any argument in favor of a higher fare. The Capital Traction Company is an honest corporation and generally does its level best for the public. When it gets the new cars, which should have been bought long ago, it will have considerably more good will from the public, which now, of course, realizes that there will be no attempt to ask for a higher street car fare. A fine company which can pay a 6 per cent dividend on a six-for-a-quarter fare basis is a splendid public asset, which could be made even more valuable by public ownership, under which fares could in all probability be put on a seven or eight for a quarter basis.

## HEARD AND SEEN

A conductor who objected or said he objected to something a passenger said to him slammed the passenger in the head with a crank. This happened July 3, in the evening, near 14th and Decatur streets.

In this case an arrest was made. I trust the authorities will be justly severe with any cases of assaults by trainmen, as they have dangerous weapons in the way of controllers, cranks and punches.

I heard of a motorman on the WRECO, a few nights ago, who when a rain began to fall, stopped the car, stepped inside and remarked: "I have to run this boat until 9:30, and I ain't a goin' to get wet."

Says FRED S. WALKER, of the G. P. O.:

"In your column of the Fourth you are again at your old stunt of exposing the graft of private corporations. Why do you persist in trying to interfere with some one else's money? If the Mount Vernon Regatta are patriotic enough to all v the people to look in at the Nation's Shrine you shouldn't bawl them out as you do. They might raise the price to four bits on account of the war; then, of course, they would be doubly patriotic. I presume they will not object to selling the place for about twice what the original contributors paid for it."

Gas is cheap in Kansas City, Mo.

because that is the home of our old friend, Mister Borland.

The papers say that the Fuel Administration is going to issue clean coal. If I had any old kind of coal in my cellar I would certainly insure it.

Cheer Up! ROE FULKERSON comes to the rescue of TOM FISHER and offers the following as the honest-to-goodness recipe for cherry bounce:

Take the pits out of two quarts of red and one quart of black cherries. Put back one-third of the pits into jar with cherries. Add one pound of granulated sugar and cover with best brandy. Seal and set away for three months. Strain through flannel and then—oh, then—follow your instinct!

Silver-Voiced Lufe. Who remembers when Coxey's army invaded town and Lufe Fenne defended "General" Coxey? Fenne is back here now, as busy as ever, and he has a fine grandson.

Here's one: Who can recollect when LIEUT. RUSS DEAN tied steers to the Bull Pole on the good Old Ship, "Mat-tano"? BILL SMOOT, Of Maddox Creek, 519 Rhode Island Ave. N. E.

Saw CHARLES FAIRFAX, the eminent real estate expert, in a fine-looking electric car the other night. Some car that, Charlie.

## That Patent Office Fire



Here is a picture of that Patent Office fire, the date of which has caused so great a controversy to rage in this column.

The picture is reproduced from one which hangs in Fire Chief Wagner's office, in the District Building.

The date of the fire was September 24, 1877. This is given on the picture, as well as on a tablet in the Patent Office, and also indelibly engraved in the memories of many old-time Washingtonians.

This from an old issue of this paper, and is contributed as a definite answer of the burning question as to the date of the Patent Office fire.

Patent Office Fire. "Editor Times: Will you please publish in your paper the date of the Patent Office fire, and, if possible, the time between Baltimore and Washington made by the engine on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad that brought the Baltimore fire engines here?" OLD SUBSCRIBER.

"The Patent Office conflagration started at 11:33 o'clock a. m. on September 24, 1877.

"There is no record of the time made by the first two Baltimore fire companies in coming to this city over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The second train made the trip with two additional Baltimore companies in fifty-four minutes. The quickest time between the two cities was made July 25, 1873, on a train drawn by locomotive No. 413, which carried the District fire department to a big fire in Baltimore in thirty-nine minutes."

## LET THE WEDDING BELLS RING OUT

